

WILLIAM WALKER

One of Quantrell's Guerrilla
Band of Noted Partisans.

HIS LIFE AND FEATS

Since the Close of the War—Marries
a Squaw and Raises Two Half
Breed Daughters Whose Achievements
Rival Their Father's—Their
Recent Visit to Pendleton and the
Sensation They Created.

Recently Pendleton has been enlivened by the presence of William Walker and his two daughters, Marcialette and Susie, who hail from near Dale, on the north fork of the John Day river, in Umatilla county, Oregon. William Walker, the father, is 58 years of age, was born in Kentucky, whence he removed to Stoddard county, Missouri, where he served as a Confederate guerrilla during the Civil War under the celebrated Chief Quantrell. At the close of the war Missouri was not a very safe place for a rebel guerrilla, as Union troops had an unpleasant habit of hanging them when captured. Consequently, William Walker "lit out," as he expresses it, for a more salubrious region and crossed the plain alone, on horseback, in 1865. He stopped a year or two in Idaho, where he supported himself in trapping and hunting, and he became famous as a killer of bears. In 1867 he went further west and settled in Morrow county, where he engaged in stock raising. About twenty years ago he removed to his present location in Umatilla county, where he has been engaged in the raising of horses, sheep and cattle. About this time he married Maggie Barker, a daughter of John Barker, who was killed at Hopper by Bill Jones in a brawl. The mother of Walker's wife was a Pitt River (California) Indian, and therefore Walker's children are now quarter breeds, the strain of Indian blood being very apparent in the girls. Walker's marriage was blessed by eight children, all girls, the eldest being about 18 years of age and the youngest 2 years.

During the Bannock Indian War of 1878 his services were secured as scout for the whites by Thomas Ayers, of Heppner, father of Thomas Ayers, of Pendleton, Ore. He performed valuable services in this capacity, serving under Colonel Brown. While on scouting duty he discovered a very dangerous ambushade prepared by the Indians in a narrow canyon, where they had gathered great masses of rock to roll down upon the troops when passing through, hoping in the confusion to cut them to pieces. Walker was surrounded by the Indians for two days on this trip and escaped only by crawling through the brush like a snake. When he reported the ambushade the troops marched against the hostiles by a different route and surprised them, inflicting great damage. For this service he was presented with \$100 in addition to his wages.

He and Bud Thompson, on one occasion in the early days, started in pursuit of a desperado who had killed an emigrant and was lurking somewhere in the region of Stein Mountains. They camped in a little open place, near a large rock. In the morning Walker went to a spring near the rock to get some water, when he noticed a man coming from the brush. Walker instantly stepped behind a rock and from this place of concealment awaited developments. The stranger approached the spring, and when about a rod from where Walker was concealed, the latter "panhandled" him as he describes it. When asked by the writer to explain what he meant by "panhandling" he replied: "If you were looking into my rifle barrel at the distance of about sixteen feet, with the gun cocked at my shoulder and a fine sight on you and I said 'panhandle,' you would probably guess what I meant, and put up your arms as high as you could reach." The prisoner was taken to Pendleton and hanged, being the first person executed in Umatilla County under process of law. For this achievement he and Thompson were paid \$100, the reward which was offered for the arrest of the murderer.

Walker had a very interesting bear fight in 1882, near his home on the John Day. He discovered a cave in a canyon and saw evidence that it was occupied by a bear. It being winter and the weather being very cold, he took it for granted that the bear was hibernating and in a torpid condition. Leaving his gun outside, he crept into the cave and was immediately confronted with a very active and wideawake cinnamon bear, which rushed upon him with a savage growl. As the bear arose, Walker seized him by both ears, while the bear clawed him viciously, both standing up. Then Walker let go one ear, got out his knife and proceeded to prod the bear behind the fore shoulder. By a few well directed thrusts the bear was slain, but Walker's clothes were in ribbons, as was also his skin. A few days afterward he explored another cave that looked as if it might be occupied by some animal and received a very severe shock. The cave was dark and the animal rushed at him with a vicious snarl. Thinking it another bear, he beat a hasty retreat, but when he had just reached the mouth of the cave he discovered, with a sigh of relief, that his antagonist was not a bear, but a coon, which was making a frantic effort to escape. Walker said his nerves did not get steady for two or three days after this scare.

Walker is six feet one inch high, weighs 190 pounds, straight as an Indian, has regular features, calm blue eyes, heavy mustache and chin whiskers, slightly touched with gray, and when in Pendleton wore a coarse woolen cap, typical buckskin hunting shirt and was armed with a six-shooter, strapped on the horn of his saddle. It was to be expected that a man of his antecedents married to a half-breed Indian woman would raise a family of bold, adventurous character and the expectation is more than realized. When he came to Pendleton about a week ago he brought with him his two oldest girls, Marcialette, familiarly known as "Babe," aged eighteen and who tips the scales at 160 pounds, and Susie, aged sixteen, weight 145 pounds. The girls were in charge of a band of horses, which they had driven from John Day River, a distance of nearly 100 miles. The arrival of this party with their horses, produced a great sensation in Pendleton. The girls, who rode astride and managed their ponies with the utmost grace and dexterity, wore cowboy hats, men's coats, Dolly Varden calico dresses, heavy shoes, thick woolen stockings, loosely tied handkerchiefs about their necks, and their faces were as brown as berries from exposure to the elements.

This was their holiday attire, for service when on dress parade, in a large city, but when riding the range at home they wear the typical cowboy dress, consisting of wide brimmed sombreros, overalls, "chaps," high-top boots and spurs. Their reputation as horsewomen extends all through the bunchgrass regions and they have a standing offer of \$100 reward for any cowboy who will perform any feat of horsemanship which they will not equal or surpass, but no man has yet claimed the reward.

These girls take care of 500 head of horses, a band of 1,500 sheep and numerous cattle, together with their father, performing the entire work of the ranches, including breaking and branding of wild horses and all the other arduous duties which pertain to stockraising. About one year ago Susie started to round up a bunch of wild horses which seemed on the point of getting away from her. They were on a slightly elevated ridge of rim rock, which was so narrow that she was unable to pass them and head them off, whereupon, without the slightest hesitation, she spurred her broncho off the edge of the ledge on a dead run and landed on the level ground nine feet below, without being dismounted or injuring her horse, and succeeded in turning the band back and rounding them up.

The horse upon which she performed this remarkable feat is a thoroughbred, for which her father gave fifteen of his best horses, and the same which she rode into Pendleton. Marcialette, the oldest, is no less a dextrous horsewoman than Susie, and is an artist in all the branches of her profession, but she is also famous as an expert shot with a rifle. About one year ago she took a few days off from the routine business of the range and went into the mountains for game. In less than two weeks she killed and sent home from the woods twenty-six deer, without counting coyotes, jackrabbits and mountain lions. From this it is apparent that Miss Marcialette could give President Roosevelt, his rough riders and their strenuous life cards and spades in any little game of horsemanship or animal slaying and win without half trying.

Having disposed of their band of horses the young ladies left for home on horseback, each leading a heavily laden pack-horse, well content with the results of their trip.

The father went by stage this morning. They expect to return in a few weeks with a larger band of horses for sale, Pendleton having gained a wide reputation as the horse market of Eastern Oregon.

They Worship the Drum.

Among the Samoedees and the tribes of northern Asiatic Russia the drum passes almost as an idol. They address it, erect it in their hut, and the priests of the superstition by the aid of the divine instrument effect that magical "disappearance" which has puzzled all travelers from Sir Hugh Willoughby downward to account for and has given rise to as much guesswork at its elucidation as the feats of the Indian jugglers. The Samoedee, after beating his drum and working up the senses of his spectators to a pitch of great excitement, mysteriously vanishes into thin air before the eyes of all. Civilized travelers naturally hold that it is a trick. The Samoedees themselves declare that the power resides in the drum idol. The peculiar thing is that neither one party or the other has been able to explain how the vanishing occurs.

Stage Makeup.

A noted comedian, who is noted for his skill in the art of makeup, says: "Lines will never help an actor to play a part if he has not made a study of the character itself. The true artist looks to the voice as much as to his wigs. He wants a large box of voices as well as of makeup. It is absurd for a man to go into character business unless he can disguise his voice and speak several dialects to start with. Character work is no plum duff for any one. I've seen men who seemed to fancy that a Lancashire dialect would do first rate for a Scotchman and that any old thing was good enough for a heathen Chinese. A character actor must disguise face, walk, voice, mannerisms; in short, he must take his own personality and bury it deep."

No Hogs Left.

President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, with his family, has spent a number of summers on a farm in New Hampshire. During the past year, however, the pedagogue was greatly annoyed by two things—the proximity of the pigpen and the manners of the "hired girl." Therefore, when the owner of the farm wrote to him recently, asking whether he would again have the president of Dartmouth as his boarder, the latter sent back a decided negative, stating his reasons for not wishing to return. In a few days he received the following reply:

"Dear Sir: There ain't been no hogs since you left, and Hanna has went."

Bound to Sound Their "H."

The English middle classes have had so much fun poked at them for dropping the letter "h" and for carrying it forward and placing it where it should not be, possibly thus to obey the laws of compensation, that they have become sensitive on the subject, and many aspire the "h" with double force when the letter should be aspirated. Instead of saying "before him," as Americans do, with a light aspiration, they will say "before him," taking a full and deep breath when they utter the second word, shooting it out as if it came from a popgun. Dropping the "h" is not new for ordinary English folk. It is a new trick to aspirate it with double the force required.

No Word For Love.

In comparison with the English tongue foreign tongues seem parsimonious in some ways of expression and wasteful in others. For instance, it is impossible to "kick" a man in French. You must give him a "blow with the foot." The Portuguese do not "wink" at one. They "close and open the eyes."

In the languages of the American Indians there is no word with which to convey the idea of "stealing," perhaps because the idea of property is so vague. It is related of one of the early missionaries that in attempting to translate the Bible into Algonquian he could find no word to express "love" and was compelled to invent it.

Since Kanna's Sons & Co. recent opening, of which the daily press published glowing accounts, the great department stores of the firm have been crowded to the limit. Kanna's Sons & Co. are certainly deserving of the immense patronage they enjoy.

A PIPE DREAM

After a Florida Dinner of
Stewed Alligators.

THE PIRATE'S STORY

In Rhythmical Numbers Reveals a
Life of Blood, Murder and Villainy
for Which He Is Anything
but Repentant—Carried His Head
Under His Arm and Danced a Horn
Pipe, etc.

Written for the SUNDAY GLOBE.
Recently while sojourning in the ancient sea-port town of Fernandina I betook myself, after the shades of night had fallen, to a beautiful garden adjoining my hostelry, and throwing myself into a hammock, soon became possessed of the *dolce far niente* spirit of the place.

It may well be believed that the full moon shining down through a rich foliage of palmetto's, plantains and live oaks, while not a breath of air was stirring, presented a scene of enchantment to be afforded by nothing else than a moonlight night in the tropics. My thoughts presently began to wander to the subject of the buccaneers and pirates who in former days used to frequent Fernandina Bay and the other waters of the Florida and West Indian shores. I know not how long I mused thus when a queer looking nautical figure approached. He was arrayed in wide trousers, his left leg very much bowed, while his right consisted of a wooden peg. A wicked looking cutlass hung at his side and a row of pistols encircled his belt.

But the most astonishing feature of his appearance was that he carried his head tucked under his right arm. He shuffled up in front of me and threw his head far up in the air like a football, playing catching it as it came down, and then proceeded to dance an elaborate horn-pipe around in front of me in a sort of semi-circle, winding up by again throwing his head high in the air, and neatly recovering it on its return. He then somewhat methodically placed his head on his shoulders, made a triumphant bow, which, with eloquent pantomime, plainly seemed to say: "You didn't think I could do it, did you?"

My first thought was that this strange being was some famed East Indian necromancer who had deigned to treat me to an example of his marvelous skill, but this theory was quickly dispelled when he began to narrate in an eccentric high falsetto voice the history of his career, which was substantially as follows:

The ghost of a pirate chief am I,
O'er the Spanish Main in days gone by,
I sailed with a slashing crew.
With cutlass keen and scowling mien,
And a bushy beard of inkly hue.

A bushel of gilt for a shoulder knot
And a hawk-like eye on the gains I got
From brigas I'd scuttled at sea.
With whiskers that grows to the eyes and nose,
And bootlegs flared at the knee.

With one eye cocked for a merchantman
With the other the windward seas I scan,
And my cross-bone standard flaunting high;
From the quarter-deck I view the wreck
As is made when my broadsides fly.

From Currutuck Sound to the Isle of France
I led the men-of-war a dance—
It was ever my pride to scourage the sea.
At their threats I scoffed as I stood aloft
At the main top scudding far to lea.

With the square-rigged Dutch built ships I played,
For the Chesapeake clippers in ambush laid;
The galleons plundered with eager glee,
The British yacht I plucked with shot,
Thus a princely income came to me.

The captain, the midship mite and the mate
I generally consigned to a cruel fate,
And their craft gave over to loot.
Just after the fight to the yard-arm tight
I strung up a row of human fruit.

The bos'n puffed up man of rank,
Was invited out to walk a plank.
While the sharks they grinned a welcome smile,
Then I keel-hauled the crew for a time or two,
Henceforth they were good enough pirates
The while.

Once cruising off the far Ladronez
To send the pirate to Davy Jones,
By piercing my keel with my for'd gun
Vowed a Portugee craft that stole up aft,
But the Daqo's I spitted one by one.

Nine years I strewed the waves with dead,
All craft before my pennon fled,
For they feared to meet my heavy frown.
I caused to howl, the seas till afoaf,
I ran of a skipper from Maribeach Town.

In a meek, sad voice he piped a song,
Inviting the pirate to lay along
The side of his small defenseless Barque.
"I was welcome to board and seize his hoard!"
I deemed it naught but an innocent lark.

So with cutlass in teeth and pistol in hand
O'er the bulwarks in puddles of tar we land,
In a helpless floundering way.
While he leisurely laughed as he raked us aft
With his taff-rail gun that fatal day.

And ever since then I haunt the seas
Where my sails oft spread to the salty breeze,
And the trade winds fanned my hurricane deck,
When steering my prow for a gory row,
To waste in blood full oft to the neck.

He closed his narrative by saying that he hoped he had succeeded in interesting me with his tale of mariner's life, as it was his especial study always to please, and that he regretted he had not had the pleasure of meeting me in the days when he cruized in these waters while in the flesh, as he could then have succeeded readily in affording me entertainment of a truly exciting kind.

Among the other deep impressions made on my mind by this novel psychical manifestation was the conviction that there is truly no repentance after death as the spirit of this notable old scourge of the seas still seemed to rejoice in the villainous deeds done while in the flesh.

T. C. K.

Read the SUNDAY GLOBE.

THE WASHINGTON GLOBE PUBLISHING CO.

(Incorporated February 17, 1902.)

The Washington Globe Publishing Company, M. B. Moroney, President; Charles T. Hunter, Secretary, and William J. Elliott, Treasurer, was incorporated February 17, 1902, under the laws of the District of Columbia, with a capital stock of \$25,000, divided into 2,500 shares of \$10 each par value.

The good will, title, book accounts, and property of the Sunday Globe were sold to the Washington Globe Publishing Company and are now the absolute and unnumbered property of the said company.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company will conduct the publication of the Sunday Globe as heretofore on Saturdays and Sundays of each week under the editorial management of William J. Elliott with this important or significant difference, viz:

ANY STOCKHOLDER OF RECORD WILL BE AT LIBERTY AND IS INVITED TO OFFER SUGGESTIONS ALONG THE LINES OF INCREASED USEFULNESS FOR THE SUNDAY GLOBE BOTH IN THE SUBJECT MATTER OF ITS NEWS AND EDITORIAL COLUMNS, AS IN THE EXTENSION OF ITS BUSINESS AND THE SAME WILL BE GIVEN CONSIDERATE ATTENTION BY THE TRUSTEES.

It is the aim of the Washington Globe Publishing Company to make the Sunday Globe a fearless exponent of public opinion and the popular organ of the masses and at the same time preserve that conservatism of expression which gives weight to the printed utterance of a truthful press.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company have decided through its trustees to offer TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in shares of TEN DOLLARS EACH of its Treasury Stock for sale to the public and to devote the proceeds from such sales to THE ENLARGEMENT and IMPROVEMENT of the SUNDAY GLOBE.

On these shares of \$10 each a dividend of one per cent per month will be paid, as stated in the PROSPECTUS.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company solicits the active co-operation of its friends in the Departments and the general public in the sale and purchase of these shares. There is no Department clerk so poor but that he can purchase, at least, one share and the course of the Sunday Globe, since its first issue, surely indicates that it will be to the interests of the Department clerk as well as to the oppressed and defenseless masses to ensure the prosperity of an organ which does not deny them a hearing and which champions the RIGHT, be the right ever so POOR, WEAK, and FRIENDLESS.

We are now prepared to issue the certificates of stock par value

\$10 EACH

to the limit prescribed by the trustees, and we hope the friends of the Sunday Globe will send in their orders through the mail or call in person at the office, 1223 Pennsylvania Avenue, and secure this Treasury Stock upon which one per cent per month will be paid all stockholders of record on the first Tuesday of every month.

M. B. MORONEY,
President.
CHARLES T. HUNTER,
Secretary.

Prospectus Washington Globe Publishing Company

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000.

Divided Into 2,500 Shares of the Par Value of \$10 Per Share. All Shares Full Paid and Non-assessable.

The marvelous growth of the SUNDAY GLOBE since its introduction to the advertising and reading public of the City of Washington, has enabled this company to place a limited number of shares of its capital stock on the market and to guarantee the payment of a Dividend of 1 Per Cent. Per Month payable at the office of the company on the 1st Tuesday of each and every month.

This is an absolutely safe investment and guarantees to the holders a interest of 12 per cent per annum, which, with the continual increase in the value of the stock, makes it one of the best dividend paying enterprises in the District of Columbia.

The sales of the SUNDAY GLOBE has increased continually from the time of the first issue. It has been, and is now, selling through the news dealers and upon the streets, more than a sufficient number of copies each week to warrant the management in guaranteeing the payment of 1 Per Cent. Per Month Dividend as well as to enable them to pay all the expenses incurred in placing the paper upon the market.

In making this statement we have not added or considered any of the receipts coming in from its continual increasing advertising business.

Compare this statement of facts with the stock of other corporations in the City of Washington and you will find few, if any, exceed a Dividend of 1 per cent per month.

The greater majority of them, that pay any dividend, range from 3 to 6 per cent a year, and as such, are considered safe investments.

All stock purchased in the month previous will participate in the profits on dividend day, and checks for the payment of the guaranteed dividends, will be mailed to the stockholders of record, as heretofore stated, on the first Tuesday of each and every month.

Persons desiring further information, can call at the office of the company, or if required, our representative will take pleasure in calling and imparting the desired information.

Send in your orders for the number of shares you desire and make all checks payable to the

Washington Globe Publishing Co.,
1223 Penn. Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

By-Laws of the Washington Globe Publishing Company.

- The officers of the Company shall consist of a President, Secretary, and Treasurer. There shall be three trustees.
- The President shall be ex-officio President of the Board of Trustees, and the Secretary, ex-officio Secretary, thereof.
- The stockholders shall meet at least once a year—the annual meeting to be the first Tuesday in November. But they may meet as often as it may be deemed necessary by the trustees, or whenever one fifth of the stockholders in interest shall desire or request, upon (10) ten days notice; in which case the President shall issue the call for such meeting.
- The seal adopted at the first meeting of stockholders shall remain the corporate seal of the Company. No assessment shall be called for or levied upon the stock issued, either by the stockholders or the trustees; and the stock certificates shall state, "non-assessable."
- A majority of the capital stock issued shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.
- The trustees are empowered to offer and sell any treasury stock unsold at whatever price they may deem proper, provided the same shall not be offered or sold for less than 75 per cent of the par value.
- Dividends will be paid monthly upon the stock.
- The articles of incorporation as accepted at the first meeting of the stockholders shall remain the charter of this Company until duly amended.
- The trustees are empowered to do any and all acts that by law the stockholders may do, provided that the by-laws hereby adopted may not be rescinded by them.
- They may meet as often as they may wish, provided they shall not receive pay for more than twelve meetings annually.
- They may determine the salaries or compensation of the officers and any agent or agents or employees of the Company, and their own compensation.
- They may adopt such rules and regulations for their meetings as they may deem proper.
- They shall report at least annually, the condition and affairs of the company, to the annual meeting of stockholders, or oftener if requested to do so by the stockholders in regular or special meeting.
- Each trustee shall be a stockholder of the Company; and before entering upon duties as such shall sign the record book of the corporation after the following entry: "The undersigned hereby consents to act as a trustee of the Washington Publishing Company until his successor is qualified."
- Any vacancy in the trustees may be filled by the remaining board, likewise any vacancy among the officers.
- The stock certificates of this Company, as adopted, shall be signed by the President and Secretary and the corporate seal affixed thereto; and the stockbook and corporate seal shall be kept at the office of publication.
- Any and all acts that may be done by the stockholders, at any regular or special meeting, not herein expressed, may be done by the trustees.
- A quorum of trustees for the transaction of business shall be two; provided, that no increase of the capital stock shall be made, except by a two-thirds vote of the existing members of the board of trustees.
- The trustees may adopt such rules and regulations for the conduct of the business of the Company, and prescribe such duties of the officers of the Company, as they may deem essential or necessary.

Adopted at second meeting of stockholders, held in Washington, February 18, 1902.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company.

Certificate of Incorporation of the Washington Globe Publishing Company.

The undersigned, William J. Elliott, M. B. Moroney, and Charles T. Hunter, all residents of the District of Columbia, being desirous of forming a corporation under Chapter eighteen (18) clause four (4) of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and acts amendatory thereof, relating to the District of Columbia, for the purpose of carrying on and conducting a job printing and publishing business in the District of Columbia or anywhere in the United States of America, do hereby certify:

1. The corporation name and the company is the Washington Globe Publishing Company, and the object for which it is formed is for the carrying on of a general job printing and publishing business, with all the usual matters and things appertaining thereto.

2. The term of the existence of said company shall be the term of twenty years.

3. The amount of the capital stock of the said company is the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000), and the number of shares of which said stock shall consist shall be two thousand and five hundred (2,500) of ten dollars (\$10.00) each.

4. The number of trustees who shall manage the concerns of said company for the first year, or until their successors are elected and qualified (provided the same may be increased, at the instance of themselves), is three, and the names are as follows: William J. Elliott, Wilbur W. Marmaduke, and Charles T. Hunter.

5. The place in the District of Columbia in which the operations of the company are to be carried on is the City of Washington, and in what other place or places the trustees may determine.

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT,
M. B. MORONEY,
CHARLES T. HUNTER.

District of Columbia, to wit:

I, F. Warren Johnson, a notary public in and for the District of Columbia, do hereby certify that William J. Elliott, Wilbur W. Marmaduke, and Charles T. Hunter, being personally well known to me to be the said persons who have signed the foregoing certificate of incorporation, appeared before me in the District of Columbia, and acknowledged the above certificate of incorporation to be their act and deed.

Given under my hand and official seal this 15th day of February, A. D., 1902.

F. WARREN JOHNSON,
Notary Public, D. C.